

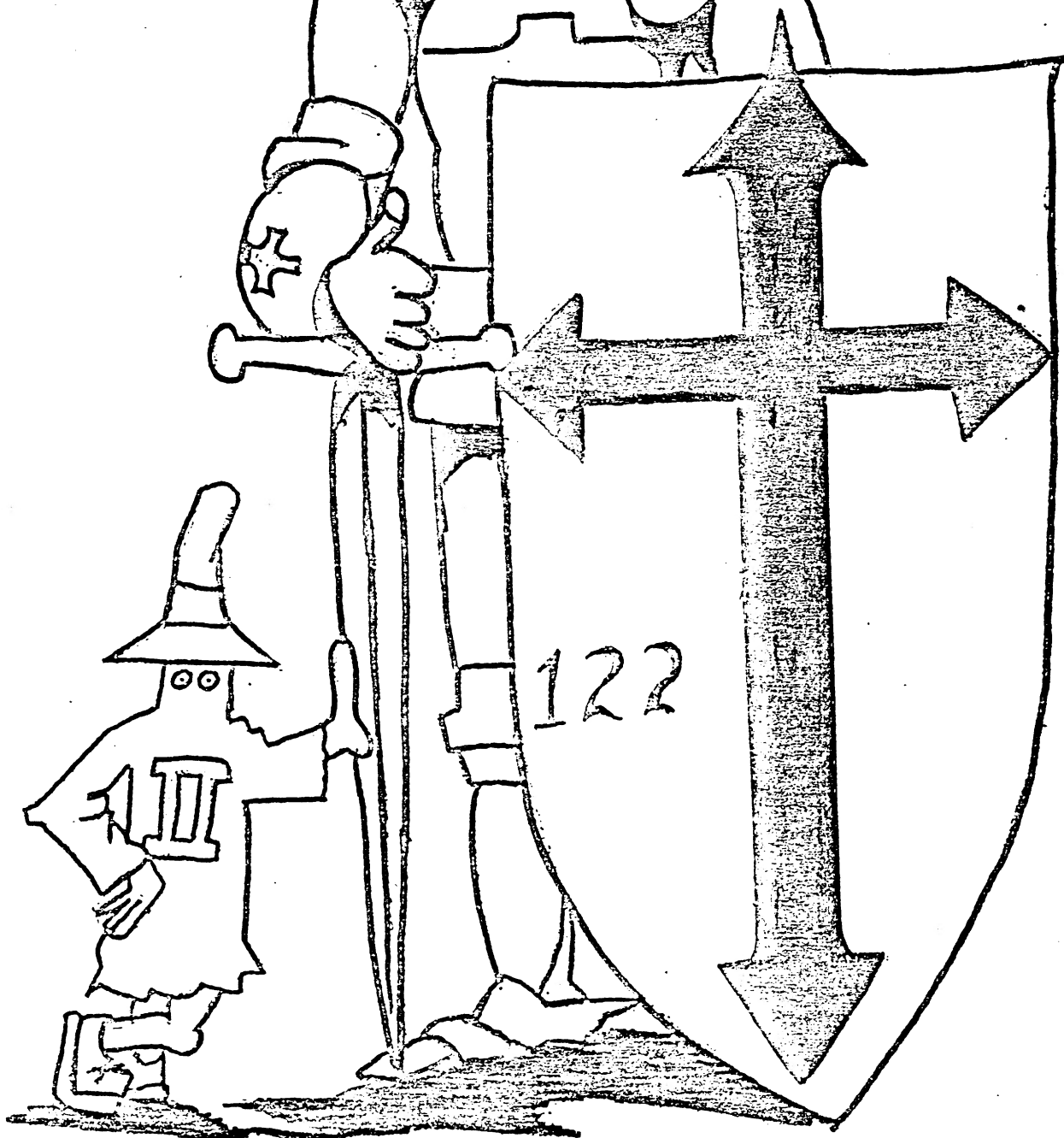
THE CRUSADER

HYMNAL

VMFA-122

Da Nang

Jan 67-68



The Crusader Hymnal

THE CRUSADER'S FIGHT SONG (Tune: Green Beret)

CRUSADERS in the sky
Charlie Cong prepare to die
Rolling in with snake and nape
God creates but we cremate

North of Khe Sanh we did go
Then the FAC said from below
Hit my smoke and you will find
The NVA are in a bind

I came in at 1000 feet
I saw them bastards beating feet
But they couldn't run half as fast
As my pipper was on their ass

They counted casualties til ten
The final count was 1000 men
No more they'll pillage, kill, and rape
Cause we fried em with the Nape

CRISPY CRITTERS!!

THE CRUSADERS HYMN

Written in the ready van by Dick Hess
Lup Decastro, and Rosy Greer

They came screaming from the sun
There was work to be done
Their sturdy craft were manned by daring few
With their swords raised on high
And a challenge in their eye
Twas the fearless crews of 122
The troops there were waiting
They're chances fading
Their hopes of getting out were growing few
Then a thunderous roar was heard
Came a screaming silver bird
Twas the fearless crews of 122
The bombs came raining in
Casting death upon the wind
The enemy was finally subdued
As the jets were pulling out
You could hear the troopers shout
It's the fearless crews of 122
So let all you who hear
In places far and near
Sing praises of the gallant men who flew
And as they scream into the sun
With another job well done
The FEARLESS CREWS OF 122

The Crusade Hymnal

THE DULSY

You take a leg from some old table
You take a arm from some old chair
You take a neck from some old bottle
And from a horsesass you take a little hair
Then you put them all together with a little spit and glue
And I get more lovin from that god-damned
dummy than I ever got from you
***** Get out and walk

MARY JANE BARNES

Mary Jane Barnes was the queen of all the acrobats
She could do tricks that will give the fellows shifts
She could shoot green peas out of her fundamental orifice
Do a double-somersault and catch em on her tits
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch twice as big as me
She's got hair on her ass like branches on a tree
She can run, fight, fart, fuck, fly a plane, and drive a truck
The's the kind of girl that's gonna marry me

MARY DASH TWO

I love to see Mary make water
She can see such a beautiful stream
She can see for a mile and a quarter
And you can't see her ass for the steam

I'M LOOKING UNDER

I'm looking under a dress and wonder why I never looked before
First come the uncles and then come the knives
Then come the pants and they stay in the breeze
No one explaining the one remaining
Is something we all adore
I'm looking under a dress and wonder why I never looked before

MRS MURPHY

Hang it in your ear Mrs. Murphy
For it only weighs a quarter of a pound
It's got hair around its neck like a turkey
And it spits when you rub it up and down

Was IT YOU WHO DID THE PUSH'N

Was it you who did the push'n
Put the stains upon the cush'n
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down?

Was it you whose sly wood pecker
Got into my girl Ribbecca?
If it w s, you'd better leave this town

REPLY

Yes, It was I who did the push'n
Put the stains upon the cush'n
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down

Ever since I laid your daughter
I've had trouble pass'n water
Guess we'll call it even all around!

METHUSELUM—AN ANCIENT LOVE SONG

In days of old there lived a jade, who always did a roaring trade
A prostitute of ill repute, the harlot of Jerusalem

CHORUS: All hail Methuselum, the harlot of Jerusalem
All hail Methuselum, the daughter of the rabbi

Methuselum was a wily witch, a dirty whore, a son of a bitch
And all the peters they did itch that dangled in Methuselum

CHORUS

Methuselum's hole was round and red, for forty years it had not bled
It swelled just like it had *been* dead since the founding of Jerusalem

CHORUS

And then there lived a giant tall who with his wick could dust a wall
He'd fornicated nearly all the harlots of Jerusalem

CHORUS

Then one day Methuselum took the giant to a shady nook
And from his pants his peter took the pride of all Jerusalem

CHORUS

The son of a bitch was under-lung, he missed her cunt and hit her dung
And sowed the seeds of many a son in the ass-hole of Methuselum

CHORUS

Methuselum always knew her part, she pucker up and let a fart
And blew him like a bloody dart over the bells of Jerusalem

The Crusader Hymnal

YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi
Who loves a fighter crew
She runs the Hanoi Hilton
She longs to welcome you
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh
He has a long goatee
And if you greet him nicely
He'll let you stay for free

Chorus:

Her eyes are shaped like almonds
And I'll give you a hunch
Try not to meet her family
Cause they're a nasty bunch
Fish heads and rice for breakfast
Fish heads and rice for tea
As long as they don't catch us
No fish and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom
Or you may fly a Thud
But if you fly to Hanoi
Then list en to me, Bud
You may talk of girls in Bangkok
Or 'Trisco Bay' and such
But the Yellow Rose of Hanoi
Is just a bit too much

Chorus

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL (Tune: California)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Of there are no Air Force pilots in the fray
Oh there are no Air Force pilots in the fray
They're all in USOs, wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
And there are no Air Force pilots in the fray.

Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap
Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap
They're all in BQ's reading Nav Air News
And there are no Navy pilots in the scrap.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They're all on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

CHORUS:

Give me operations, way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die, I just wanta grow old.

Don't give me an old Shooting Star
She flys like a Model-T car
She flew in Korea, she gives a diarrhea
Don't give me an old Shooting Star

CHORUS

Don't give me an 86-D
With rockets, radar, and AB
She's fast, I don't care, she blows up in mid air
Don't give me an 86-D

CHORUS

Don't give me a one double oh
To drop bombs all over the foe
She's trim and she's neat, but she's now obsolete
Don't give me a one double oh

CHORUS

Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo
There's nothing that she will not do
She'll really pitch up, she'll make you throw up
Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-105
Cause I love being alive
She's great for attack, she soaks up more flak
Don't give me an F-105

CHORUS

Don't give me an old F4D
With a navigator flying with me
Her dihedral's neat, but she's got a back seat
Don't give me an old F4D

CHORUS

BYE BYE CHERRY

Oh, back her ass against the wall here I come balls and all,
Bye bye cherry.
Oh, she came once and I came twice, Holy jumping Jesus Christ,
Cherry bye bye.

The Crusader Hymnal

MY RED HAVEN (Blue Heaven)

When evening draws nigh, and passion runs high
I hurry to my red haven.
A little red light, a turn to the right
Will lead you to my red haven,
You'll see a smiling face on a pillow case
A smile devine
Tororrow night she's some other guy's
But tonit she's mine.
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three.
We're careful in my red haven.

O'RILEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sittin' in O'riley's bar
Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Riley's daughter

CHORUS:

Fiddley i ee, Fiddley i oo
Fiddley i ee for the one ball Riley
Rig a jig jig, balls and all
Rub a dub dub snag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the ass
Then I slung my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and I shagged some more
Shagged 'til all the fun was over

CHORUS:

Then came a knock upon the door
And who should it be but her Goddammed father
Two horse pistols by his side
Lookin' for the guy who shagged his daughter

CHORUS:

I grabbed that bastard by the ass
Shoved his head in a pail of water
Rammed those pistols up his ass
A dammed sight further than I shagged his daughter

CHORUS:

As I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
There goes the God damned son of a bitch
The guy who shagged O'Riley's daughter

CHORUS:

RACING THROUGH THE REICH

Racing thru the Reich, in a black Mercedes Benz,
Down the Autovan, on our way to France,
Down thru Luxumbourg, all the way to Frague,
When we get to Paris, France, we'll kick those dirty Groggs

The Crusaders Hymnal

THE SINGING TELEGRAM

Your son got killed today
He bought the farm Ha Ha.
He flew his F-4B right into Subic Bay
While flying high and far
On his horizon bar
He went down spinning, turning descending, 'way too fast.
Upon recovery, quite accidentally
He had a rendezvous with a Friendly Sparrow III
(pause) FLY NAVY

Dedicat to the USS RANGER

DON'T CRY LADY

Don't cry lady
I'll buy your God-Dam pencils
Don't cry lady
I'll buy your flowers too
Don't cry lady
Take off those dark brown glasses
Hello mother, I knew it was you

THE BLUE STAR
(Tune: My Bonnie)

Take the blue star out of the window mother
Replace it with one made of Gold
Your son was a good BAR man
He died in a whore house in Seoul, tough shit

Chorus:

Tough shit, tough shit
He died in a whore house in Seiou, tough shit
Tough shit, tough shit
He died in a whore house in Seiou, tough shit

Take the blue star out of the window mother
Replace it with a gold one instead
Your son just got hit by a mortar
It blew off his whole fucking head, tough shit

Chorus:

Take the blue star out of the window mother
Replace it with one made of brass
Your son was an F4B driver
Who yesterday busted his ass, tough shit

Chorus:

Take the blue star out of the window mother
Your son hasn't got any nerve
He says he's defending his country
But he's just a God-Damn reserve, tough shit

TWELVE DAYS OF TET

On the first day of tet
My Marine gave to me
A hard job in a GV
Second Day---Two brass batts
Third Day---Three ugly Bams
Fourth Day---Four blown tires
Fifth Day---Five days in back
Sixth Day--- Six days of duty
Seventh Day--- Seven O'dark thirty's
Eighth Day--- Eight smelly skivies
Ninth Day--- Nine gooks-a-gunning
Tenth Day -- Ten TPQ 's
Eleventh Day---Eleven ACM's
Twelfth Day--- Twelve Drippy Dicks

PLASTIC MARY

O'h, I don't care if it rains or freezes, long as I got my plastic Jesus,
Sittin on the dash board of my car.

I don't care if the roads get hairy, long as I got my plastic Mary,
Sittin on the dash board of my car.

You don't have to watch your behavior long as you got a suction Savior,
Sittin on the dash board of your car.

JESUS SAVES

Christ puts his money in the first national bank
Christ puts his money in the first national bank
Christ puts his money in the first national bank
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus save,.

Christ walks on water he's the life guard at our pool
Christ walks on water he's the life guard at our pool
Christ walks on water he's the life guard at our pool
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

BUTTERBEANS

Just a bowl of butterbeans
Pass the cornbread if you please
I don't want no colored greens
All I want is a bowl of butterbeans.

To the Biggest Butter Bean of them all — JACK PROCTOR

STRAFE THE TOWN (Tune: Wake The Town)

Strafe the town and kill the people, Its the only thing to do
Set your gunsights residential, You'll get more kills if you do
Drop the napalm in the schoolyard, see the children run and shout
Note the mass hysteria, as they try to put it out

Drop your snakeyes in the temple, see the zippers in the blast
Watch them trample one another as they try to save their ass
Shoot your zunis at the sanpan, pull up quick to miss the fire
BABY WON'T YOU LIGHT MY FIRE

THE OCEANS AREN'T SAFE ANYMORE (He Flies Through The Air)

On they fly through the air with the greatest of ease
Those darling young men in their A-4Es
They scatter their bomb loads all over the seas
And the oceans aren't safe anymore
REFRAIN: The pilot peers through his bombsight
And the bombs tumble down in a roar
He says were on target tonight sir
For I'm sure that's the earth down below

OFF WE GO

Off we go into the wild blue yonder---CRA SH
A nchors aweigh my boys---SPL A SH
Over Hill, Over Dale, as we hit the Dusty Trail--- COUGH, COUGH COUGH
From The Halls of Montezuma---TAKE MY PICTURE!!

THE GROCERY STORE (Tune: John Brown's Body)

O' _____ used to own a grocery store
He used to hang his meat upon the outside of the door
A ll the little children coming home from school would shout
Hey _____ your pork is hanging out

THE TOAST

Here's to the _____, the _____, the _____,
Heres to the _____, the Best of them all
He eats it, he beats it, He often mistreats it,
Oh here's to the _____ the best of them all

SHAME ON YOU

Shame on you, Shame on you
Y ou just said a dirty word
Skipper's gonna get you
Skipper's gonna get you
Skipper's gonna have your ASS!

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

Tiddle winks young man, *get a girl* if you can
If you can't get a girl get a clean old man
From the lofty heights of Malta to the shores of old Gibraltar
Can you do a double shuffle ith your balls in a can

Do yo ur balls hang low *do they swing to and fro*
Can you tie 'em in a knot can you tie 'em in a bow
Can you swing 'em o'er your shoulder like a european soldier
Do your balls hang low

chorus

Do your balls hang tight, can you hide 'em in a figt
Can you tuck 'em 'neath yo ur arm can you keep 'em out of harm
Are they tough enough to buckle up another mans knuckle
Do your balls hang tight

CHORUS

Do your balls hang loose as loose as a goose
Can you slide 'em down the hall, can you bounce 'em off a wall
Does it really make you stammer when you hit 'em with a hammer
Do your balls hang loose

CHORUS

Do your balls hang down, way down to the ground
Can you slide 'em on the ice can you crack 'em in a vice
Does it make your breath come quick when you stick 'em with a pick
Do your balls hang down

THE GREAT FUCKING WHEEL

A sailor told me as he died
I know not wheather the bastard lied
He had a wife with teat so wide
That she could never be satisfied

CHORUS: Arumph chugchug
Arumph chug chug

He fastened himself a great fucking wheel
Fastened it to a prick of steel
Two balls of brass he filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was run by steam

CHORUS: arumph chug chug
arumph chug chug

Around and around went that great fucking wheel
In and out went that prick of steel
Until at last the maiden cried ~~happy~~
Tarry while I'm sat isfied

The Crusader Hymnal

Now this is the tale of the great orbit
There was no method of stop in' it
The maid was torn from twat to tit
And the whole fucking issue went up in shit

NELLIE DARLING

(Red River Valley)

On your ass is like a stove pipe Nellie darling
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's a thousand knots abounding round your asshole
Your're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel
When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So why not make one dear, and shove it up your ass.

SWEET ANGELINA

Way down in El Paso, where horse shit is deep
And soldier boys wander while Mexicans sleep
Lies sweet Angelina the girl I adore
That rough fucking, cock sucking Mexican whore

Chorus

Sweet Angelina, my Angelina
My love for you will never die
Sweet Angelina, my Angelina
That rough fucking, cock sucking Mexican whore

Chorus

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you
She'll chew on your nuts
And if your not careful she'll suck out your guts
That sweet ~~Angelina~~ the girl I adore
That rough fucking, cock sucking Mexican whore

THE PALE MOON

It's not the pale moon that excites me
That thrills and delights me, oh no,
It's your ass, It's your ass, It's your big fat ass!

WINGS OF GOLD (Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Wings of Gold, bars of brass
 You can shove them up your ass
 Bye Bye Navy
 We don't give a shit for you
 You've got a wife I'd like to screw
 Bye Bye Navy

No one in this outfit understands me
 Look at all the bull shit they all hand me
 Wings of Gold, bars of brass
 You can shove them up your ass
 Navy Bye Bye

10 MILES FROM BAT LAKE
 (Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey)

Ten miles from batlake
 All covered with flack
 I lost my poor wingman
 He'll never come back

Now flying's a pleasure
 But crashing is grief
 For a quick-triggered commie
 Is worse than a thief

A thief will just rob you
 And take what you have
 But a quick-triggered commie
 Will lead you to the grave

The grave will decay you
 And turn you to dust
 Not one MIG in a thousand
 A Phantom can trust

They'll chase you and kill you
 And feed out more lead
 Than cross ties on a railroad
 Or MIGs overhead

For the planes they will splatter
 And the pilots will die
 You'll stay in I Corps
 And never more fly

The moral of this story
 Can plainly be seen
 Stay east of Ol' Diego
 Be a stateside Marine

THE WOOD PECKER SONG

(Tune: Dixie)

I stuck my finger in the wood pecker hole
And the wood pecker said, "God damn your soul."
Take it out, take it out, take it out, Remove it.

I took my finger from the wood pecker's hole
And the wood pecker said, "God damn you soul."
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it.

I replaced my finger in the wood pecker's hole
And the wood pecker said, "God damn your soul."
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the wood pecker said, "God damn your soul."
The other way, the other way, the other way, Reverse it.

I reversed my finger in the wood pecker's hole
And the wood pecker said, "God damn your soul."
Take it out, take it out, take it out. Remove it.

I removed my finger from the wood pecker's hole
And the wood pecker said, "God damn your soul."
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff. Revolting.

VIRGIN STURGEON (Rueben, Rueben, I've Been Thinking)

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon
The virgin's a very fine fish.
Virgin sturgeon need no urgin'.
That's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my girl friend
She was a virgin tried and true
Now my girl friend needs no urgin'
There ain't nothing she won't do.

I fed caviar to my Grandpa
He was a man of ninety three
Screams and shrieks were heard from Grandma
He had chased her up a tree.

Fed some caviar to my Grandma
She came down out of that tree
Then my Grandma and Grnadpa
Started to raise a family

I fed some caviar to my rooster
I fed some caviar to my cow
Now the barnyard sure looks funny
All the cows have feathers now.

HINKY DI

Up in Vietnam midst high rocks and heat
The poor Viet Cong are feeling quite beat.
For as the 'Saders roar by overhead,
He knows that his buddies all soon will be dead.
Hinky di, hinky dinky di, hinky di, dinky dinky di,
(Repeat last line of verse.)

Ho Chi went way up to hot old Phu Bai
His prize Commie Army in action to spy.
He got there a half hour after the U. S.
And all that he found was their hats, ass and shoes.
Chorus:

Uncle Ho Chi, your stooges have found
It just doesn't pay to invade foreign ground
For when they disturbed the serene morning calm
They brought on the rockets, the bombs and napalm.
Chorus:

We fought at DaNang and at Chu Lai too.
At The Sahn and Ben Hai and Citadel "U"
So here's to our pilots and here's to our crew
The target, the snake, and the blue P phantom Two.
Chorus:

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING (Tune: My Bonnie)

A poor aviator lay dying
At the end of a cold winter day
His comrades had gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

The airplane was piled on his breathbone
The Hamilton was wrapped 'round his head
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow
Twas plain he would shortly be dead

He spit out a valve and a gasket
And stirred in the sump where he lay
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These brave parting words did he say:

Take the magneto out of my stomach
And the butterfly valve off my neck
Extract from my liver the crankshaft
There's lots of good parts in this wreck.

Take the manifold out of my larynx
And the cylinders out of my brain
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again.

CUTS AND GUTS (Tune: My Bonnie)

Navy pilots fly off the big ones
Air Force pilots aren't seen over the seas
But we're in the God damned Marine Corps
So we get these damn CVE's

CHORUS:

Cuts and guts, cuts and guts
The guys that made carriers are nut, are nuts
Cuts and guts, cuts and guts
The guys that fly off them are nuts.

CHORUS

The Midway has thousand-foot runways
The Leyte eight hundred and ten
But we'd not have much of a carrier
With two of ours tied end to end.

CHORUS

Our carrier's named after an island
An atoll that's called Sicily
If it's size is the same as our carrier
That bastard is under the sea.

CHORUS

Our LSO's never give rogers
We don't even know they can see
They say as we crash through the barrier
"He was O. K. when he went by Me."

CHORUS

Our catapult shots are quite hairy
Our catapult shots are quite hairy
Our catapult gear is red hot
It never goes off when You're ready
And always goes off when You're not.

CHORUS

We envy the boys on the big ones
We'd trade in a minute or two
'Cause we'd like to see those poor bastards
Try doing the things that we do.

CHORUS

Someday when this fracas is over
And back at El Toro we'll be
We'll load up with rockets and napalm
And sink all these damn CVE's.

I JUST GOT ANOTHER WAVE-OFF (Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I have seen slow-dip and a come-on in the groove
I have had a high and fast, but what's it gonna prove?
The LSO will kill me yet but what you gonna do?
I'll make the bastard jump into the net.

CHORUS

I just got another wave-off, I just got another wave-off,
I just got another wave-off, but I make the bastard jump into the net

If the ship is on my wing he says I'm too wide a beam
If he waves me off again, I'm ready and I'm set
I'll make the bastard jump into the net.

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things
Now I don't want them anymore
They taught me to fly, and they sent me here to die
I've had my belly full of war
You can leave all those rail cuts, for guys who're off their nuts
Distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses
I wanted wings 'til I got the God damned things
Now I don't want them anymore

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
I've no desire to be burned
Why is combat called romance it only made me shit in my pants
I'm not a fighter I have learned
To hell with all the commie flak, I plan on gettin my ass back
I would rather lay a dollie than get shot up in mig alley
I wanted wings 'til I got the God damned things
Now I don't want them anymore

TONS AND TONS OF AVIATION GASOLINE (Battle Hymn of the Republic)

On the _____ flies at forty thousand feet
On the _____ flies at forty thousand feet
On the _____ flies at forty thousand feet
But it only drops a "Teebst weebst utst butst bomb"

CHORUS

Tons and tons of aviation gasoline
Tons and tons of aviation gasoline
Tons and tons of aviation gasoline
But it only drops a "Teensy weensy bomb"

On the c-130 flies at ten thousand feet
On the c-130 flies at ten thousand feet
On the c-130 flies at ten thousand feet
And it doesn't drop a God-Damn thing

CHORUS

CHOSIN RESERVOIR (Ramblin' Wreck From Georgia tech)

Listen all you flyers I'll tell you one and all
About an eager pilot with much less brains than gall
He flew a weary Corsair int the North Korean War
He made his fatal last mistake at the Chosin Reservior
He took off out of Taonsan, flew north to Sudong-ni
Then shot a loaded Ox-cart on the road to Koto-ni
He charged his guns and looked around for something else to do
He thought he'd find some targets on the plains of Haguru
Then a self-propelled gun in open view he saw
Along a slight embankment at the bottom of a draw
With such an easy target he didn't stop to think
It might just be a flak trap of the wily Commie Chink
So eagerly he dove in so deadly was his aim
He knew he'd get his target and the commies felt the same
They got him with the first shot he never felt the jar
He now lies on the bottom of the Chosin Reservoir

WE'RE HAVING A FLOORSHOW
(Tune: We're Having a Heat Wave)

There's a frown on my face, cause I hate this fuching place,
Why It's almost like being in holl,
From the way it appears, I've been here for a thousnad years,
Why it's almost like biting in hell.
Now there isn's any money in the Group,
Cause the planes that we fly have no poop,
But here's a happy note, as they cram it down your throat,
We're having a floorshow, another God Damned floorshow,
We're having a floorshow Friday night(so wear your blazer),
We're having a floorshow tonight.

WE'RE GONNA' BUILD A BAR

We're gonna' tear down the bar in our town-----BOO
We're gonna' build a new bar -----RAY
But only one bar-----BOO
Three miles long-----RAY
There'll be no bar tenders in our bar-----BOO
We're gonna' have bar maids-----RAY
But our bar maids are gonna' wear clothes-----BOO
Made of cellophane-----RAY
Beer's gonna' be fifty cents a glass-----BOO
Whiskey's free-----RAY
Only one to a customer-----BOO
Serverd in buckets-----RAY
But the buckets have a hole in them-----BOO
The holes are in the top-----RAY
We're gonna' throw all the beer in the river-----BOO
Then we'll all go swimming-----RAY
No girls allowed above the first floor-----BOO
With their clothes on-----RAY
You can't take our bar maids Home-----BOO
They'll take you Home-----RAY
You can't slip with our bar maids-----BOO
They won't let you sleep-----RAY
There'll be on lovin' on the dancin' floor-----BOO
There'll be on dancin' on the Lovin' floor-----RAY
Parties make the world go 'round.

DON'T KICK MY MADDOG AROUND

Every time I go to town, the fellers kick my dog around
Makes no difference id he is a hound, shoun'n't outha kick my dog around
CHORUS

Wal' me and Luke and Bill and Ted went to town to get some bread
While we were peerin' in the shop, old Mary got a big old chop
Every time I go to town, the girls all gather all around,
Makes no difference if I am a hound,
these girls keep gathering all around

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BULLET THAT HAS YOUR NAME ON IT -----
IT'S THOSE THAT HAVE "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN" OF THEM THAT YOU
SHOULD WORRY ABOUT** SAYS MY PAPPY... maddog!!

The Crusader Hymnal

WHY DO THE DRUMS

CHORUS

Why do the drums go boom-de-boom, diddy
Why do the drums go boom-de-boom, diddy
Why do the drums go boom-de-boom, diddy
Why do the drums go boom-de-boom, diddy

W-E-L-L, I took my little girl up to Mailla
But the fuck from her drawers knocked my bombs astray
She's a fucking mother fucker but I love her so
She's my little girl from 'longapo

CHORUS:

W-E-L-L,
Took my little girl to get a job
But the fuck from her drawers knocked the corn off the cob

CHORUS:

W-E-L-L,
Took my little girl to see the Preacher
But the fuck from her drawers knocked the church off the steeple

CHORUS:

W-E-L-L,
Took my little girl to swim at the beach
But the fuck from her drawers knocked the scales off the fish

CHORUS:

W-E-L-L,
Took my little girl to hear the band
But the fuck from her drawers knocked the band off the stand

CHORUS:

W-E-L-L,
Took my little girl to Larry's Lair
But the fuck from her drawers knocked Larry off his chair

THE SAVIOR OF MEHECNICO

My name is Pancho Villa, and I drive a Karman Gieha.
I've got the gonmoreha, I got it from Luciea

She gave it to me free-aah
give me my boots and my saddle
and i will fuck all the cattle
give me my pills and my water
i screwed the wrong Spainerds daughter.

ASHAU VALLEY

Oh! Who'll carry the mail through the Ashau Valley.
REPLY: I'll carry the mail through the Ashau Valley.
But there's lions in the Ashau Valley.
REPLY: Fuck the lions.
You'd fuck a lion.
REPLY: I'd fuck a lions mother.
YOU LIQ' MOTHER FUCKER!!

TURN THE FUCKING PAGE YOU DUMB SHIT

The Ashau Valley (Cont.)

But thier's Indians in the Ashau Valley.

Fuck the Indians,

Reply: You,ed fuck an Indian,

I'ed fuck an Eskimo.

Reply: You cool mother-fucker.

THE IRISHMAN'S HYMN

Oh! You've got to be nimble.

You've got to be quick.

To watch an Irishman handle his prick.

It's as long as his arm and as thick as your wrist,
And a knob on the end as thick as your fist....

A GATHERING OF THE CLANSMAN.....

TWAS A GATHERIN' O' THE CLANSMEN, AND ALL THE LADS WERE THERE
A FEELIN' OF THE LASSIES AMONG THE PUBIC HAIRS

CHORUS:

SINGIN' A HOW DO YOU LAST NIGHT, HOW DO YA' NOO
THE LAD THAT HAD YA' LAST NIGHT, HE'S CANNA' HAVE YE NOO

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER SHE WAS THERE, A SITTIN' DOWN IN FRONT
A WREATH OF ROSES IN HER HAIR, AND A CARROT UP HER CUNT

CHORUS:

THE PARSON'S WIFE SHE WAS THERE, HER ASS AGAINST THE WALL
A SHOUTIN' TO THE LADDIES, COM YE ONE AND ALL

CHORUS:

THE BRIDE WAS IN THE KITCHEN, EXPLAINING TO THE GROOM
THE VAGINA, NOW THE KITCHEN IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE WOMB

CHORUS:

THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOR, COUNTING OUT HER WEALTH
THE KING WAS IN THE BEDROOM PLAYING WITH HIMSELF

CHORUS:

THE VILLAGE IDIOT HE WAS THERE, A SITTIN' BY THE FIRE
ATTEMPTING MASTURBATION WITH AN INDIAN RUBBER TREE

CHORUS:

THE FAT OLD COOK SHE WAS THERE, GIVIN' US THE SHITS
A LEANING OF THE MENTAL FORCE AND BOUNCING OFF HER TITS

CHORUS:

THE VILLAGE "LANNY" HE WAS THERE, SITTING ON A POLE
HE PULLED HIS BOOTS OVER HIS HEAD, AND WHISTLED THROUGH THE HOLE

CHORUS:

THERE WAS FUCKIN' IN THE PARLOR, FUCKIN' IN THE RICKS
AND YOU COULDNA' HEAR THE MUSIC FOR THE SWISHING OF THE PRICKS

CHORUS:

NOW THE PARTY'S OVER. THEY'RE ALL BOWED OVER TO REST
THEY SAID THEY LIKED THE MUSIC, BUT THEY LIKED THE FUCKING BEST

CHORUS:

OLD NUMBER NINE

That a dark and stormy night, not a star was there in sight
And the Corsairs were tied down to the line
When in shit up to his ear, stood a lonely volunteer
With his orders to fly old number nine

Well his ass was racked with pain as he climbed into that plane
And his bung-hole was puckered fit to tie
And he offered up a prayer as he climbed into the air
For he knew that it was his night to die

As he flew over Hagaru he could a school or two
See the women and the children very well
But how was he to know that he'd fly so God-Damn low
That his bomb blast would blow his ass to hell

In the wreckage he was found with his guts all over the ground
And the crunchies came and raised his weary head
With his poor life almost spent, here's the message that he sent
To his buddies so sad to see him dead

I used an eight to ten delay but it didn't work out that way
And with out a tail an F4b won't fly
Tell the shipper for me that he now has twenty-three
You can roll up the ladder, Semper Fi

EARLY ABORT

(Tune: Mac Namara's Band)

Oh, my name is (NAME), I'm the leader of the group
You can step into my ready-room, and I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell you where the targets are, and where the flack is black
I'll be the last one off the deck, and the first one back
CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush
Early abort, avoid the rush, oh the raggedy-ass Marines are on parade
Parade, Parade, oh the raggedy-ass Marines are on parade

Oh, I fly the F4B, and people say it's great
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, those swept wings just don't rate
I was born to be a fighter jock, to grapple in the blue
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, I'll tell you what I'll do
CHORUS:

And then I'm sure you know of our leaders in the Wing
Any night in the O'Club you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a belluva war, they say they will go too
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do
CHORUS:

THE FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN

There was a friar of great renown
There was a friar of great renown
There was a friar of great renown
And he fucked a girl from out of town
Fucked a girl from out of town

CHORUS:

Ha - Ha - Ha, Ho - Ho - Ho, H-o-r-s-e S-h-i-t !!
That rotten ole COCK SUCKER!!
That dirty ole SCH- OF- A- BITCH!!
FUCK HIM!!!

He laid her on a downey bed
He laid her on a downey bed
He laid her on a downey bed
And - Then - He busted up her maiden head
Busted up her maiden head

CHORUS:

He laid her on the dewy grass
He laid her on the dewy grass
He laid her on the dewy grass
And - Then - He shoved his penis up her ass
Shoved his penis up her ass

CHORUS:

She said "kind Sir please cease and quit."
She said "kind Sir please cease and quit."
She said "kind Sir please cease and quit."
So He bit her on her rosy teat.
Bit her on her rosy teat.

CHORUS:

He laid her on an old Oak stump
He laid her on an old Oak stump
He laid her on an old Oak stump
And - Then - He missed her ass and hit the stump
Missed her ass and hit the stump

CHORUS:

They buried her on Chestnut Street
They buried her on Chestnut Street
They buried her on Chestnut Street
So he sat on her grave and beat his meat
Sat on her grave and beat his meat.

CHORUS:

He laid her on the burial ground
He laid her on the burial ground
He laid her on the burial ground
And - Then - He thought he'd go another round
Thought he'd go another round

THE FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN (Con't.)

We found her on the cold, cold ground
We found her on the cold, cold ground
We found her on the cold, cold ground
And - Then - We ran the bastard out of town
Ran the bastard out of town

CHORUS:

BIG BALLS

There was a man, Sir Anthony Clair, A nobleman beyond compare
And he was famous everywhere as a man who could play with his balls

CHORUS:

For they were big balls, big and heavy as lead
With a flick and a twist of his muscular wrist
He could throw them right over his head

As he was walking down the street, A fair young maid he chanced to meet
Who tho't twould be a helluva treat to watch a man play with his balls

CHORUS:

As he was twirling em round and round
Down they came with a hell of a bound,
Right on the head of his faithful hound
Who was watching him play with his balls

CHORUS:

They hauled him in 'fore the magistrate
Who put him in a cell of sta te
And left him there to cogitate
And play with his beautiful balls

CHORUS:

His trail was held without delay
In fact 'twas that very same day
The magistrate said I see no reason why
A man can't play with his balls

CHORUS:

YOUR MOTHER SWIMS AFTER TROOP SHIPS

Aye, Aye, Aye-Aye your mother swims after troop ships
So lets hear another verse that's worse than the other verse
And waltz me around by my willie

There once was a hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit I'm a bit of a shit
But look at the money I save

YOUR : OTHER SINES AFTER TROOP SHIPS (Con't)

There once was a girl from the west
Who sucked off all men with great zest
With voluptuous howls
She'd suck out their bowels
And spit shit all over their chests

There was a young lady named Alice
Who used dynamite stickes for a phallus
They found her vagina
In South Carolina
And her ass-hole just out side of Dallas

There once was a fairy named Bloom
Who took a lesbian up to his room
They argued all night; as to who had the right
To do what and with which and to whom

There were three monks from Paree
Who went out in the garden to pee
Ch.basbomb cum piscum why doesn't the poss come
It must be the C.L.A.P.

There once was a man from Winock
Who played the bass viol by cock
With tremendous erections, He beat out selections
By Johann Sebastian Bach

There once was a man from South Boston
Who bought his self a new Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost them

There once was a young man named Clyde
Who fell in a cut-house and died
Kikewise his brother' who fell in another
And now they're interred side by side

There was a young man from Dakota
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her
So with great savicr favre' she climbed on a chair
And pissed in his whiskey and soda

There was a young man from Kent
Whose prick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble he stuck it in double
And in stead of coming he vent

There once was a lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling

The Crusader Hymnal

YOUR MOTHER SWIMS AFTER TROOP SHIPS (Con't.)

There was a young man from Dundee
Who duggeded a~~w~~ ape in a tree
The results were most horrid, All ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple gortee

There was a young lady from Decater
Who was screwed by a big alligator
Now nobody knew the results of the screw
cause after he laid her he ate her

There was a young lady from Cibraltar
Who accidentally fell in the water
By howls and her swucals, you could tell that the oels
Had found her sexual quarters

There once was a pirate named Gates
Who thought he could rhuba on skates
He fell on his cutlass, and now he is nutless
And practically useless on dates

There was a young m an from St. Claire
Who was screwing his girl on the stair
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke
And posished her off in mid-air

There was a young man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat from his dick turned the clay into brick
And chafed all his foreskin away

There was a young man named Glass
Whose balls were made out of brass
When he clanged them together they played stormy weather
And lightening shot out of his ass

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was quite renoun as a farta
He could fart anything from God save the King
To Beethoven's moonlight sonata

There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a fucking machine
Concave or convex, it could screw either sex
But oh what a bastard to clean

On the brest of a quail named Gail
Was tatooed the price of her tail
And on her behind for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in Braille

There once was a man named Mcgruder
Who knew a girl from Bermuda
This girl was shrewd and woo'd in the nude
But Mcgruder was shrewder and screwed her

YOUR MOTHER SWIMS AFTER TROOP SHIPS (Con't.)

There once was a young gal from the Azores
Whose snatch was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street loved to snap at the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There once was a young lady named Easter
Who said to the man as he undressed her
If you don't mind use the hole behind
The front one's beginning to fester

There are many other verses to this quaint ballad, but we have to draw
a line somewhere — besides I can do anything I want to do.. j.P.

SEVEN OLD LADIES LOCKED IN THE LAVET'RY

Introduction and Chorus:

Oh dear what can the matter be
Seven ol ladies licked in the lavat'ry
They were there from Monday till Saturday
But nobody knew they were there

The first to come in was old Mrs. Flynn
She prided herself on being so thin
But when she sat down the poor dear fell in
And nobody knew she was there

The next to come in was old Mrs. Bender
She came in to fix up a broken suspender
It snapped and injured her feminine gender
And nobody knew she was there

The third to come in was old Mrs. Humphry
Who when she sat down she found it quite comfy
When she tried to get up she could not get her rump free
And nobody knew she was there

The fourth to come in was old Mrs. Brewster
She couldn't see as well as she use to
She sat on the handle and swore someone goosed her
And nobody knew she was there

The next to go in was old Mrs. Slaughter
She was the Duke of Effingham's daughter
She went there to pass off superfluous water
And nobody knew she was there.

The sixth to go in was old Mrs. Murray
Who had to go in a hell of a hurry
But when she got there it was too late to worry
And nobody knew she was there.

The last to go in was old Mrs. Sickle
She hurdled the door cause she hadn't a nickle
Caught her foot in the bowl: What a hell of a pickle
And nobody knew she was there